Canadian Carols

WILLIAM HOWEY

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Canadian Carols

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WILLIAM HOWEY
B.A., B.D.

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by W. HOWEY

To

REV. F. N. B.

who encouraged me.

171454

FOREWORD

This little book is a by-product of the war. Most of these verses came to me during a period of two years in hospital due to war service, and four years' convalescence during which I was able to travel considerably. They represent my effort to transmute the time and energy that might naturally have been given to worry into something a little more valuable. They were written simply as a pastime without any thought of publication, and are now given to the public on the request of many friends. If they bring any gladness to my friends or to others I am content.

Having a liking for origins I have in many cases given the place of composition.

A few of the numbers contained in this volume have already appeared in the following publications, and where necessary are now reprinted by permission: "The Christian Guardian," Toronto; "Trotty Veck," Saranac Lake, N.Y.; "The Owen Sound Sun-Times," Ontario; "The Beacon Light," Halkirk, Alberta; "The Herald," Medicine Hat, Alberta; "The Vancouver Province," B.C.; "Trinity Church Advance," Toronto.

W. H.

Owen Sound, Ontario,
Nov. 5th, 1926.

INTRODUCTION

HOPE DIES HARD

THE ROSY dreams of boyhood fade;
The strong, rich colors of a young man's mind,
Painting the future, slowly yield to gray,
But Hope dies hard.
The merry music that I fain would make; the tasks of love
Do, for the world's comfort, or inspire its hope,
Can never now be born,
But Hope dies hard.
The joy of weaving out life's pattern on the loom of Time,—
Moulding each circumstance to suit the scroll,
And work at will, rejoicing in accomplishment—
Is now beyond my utmost bounds of possibility;
Yet Hope dies hard.
So many things I planned I know can never be;
Still Hope dies hard.

(Resolve.)

I will not let it die!
Though this I have to comfort and to cheer,
If Life should forfeit all high hopes and dreams—
Perhaps my best life service has been done

In the Great War. There I am conscious
That I served the world—humanity—in humble tasks,
But counted large to wrest us victory;
And in that comfort I might rest my soul.
I will not let Hope die! I still insist
That some dim semblance of these dreams come true,
Why comes the vision? but to stir our hearts to seek their highest,
Why linger? but attempt what best remains.
Though life may contract, yet it still presents
Abundant offering to the willing hand. I yet
May do some service in a smaller sphere—
Help some sad child to find her doll,
Wreathing in smiles the sparkling tears before they dry;
Or cut a whistle from the soft spring woods,
That will stir joyous echoes in a lad's young soul;
May tell a golden story, and join in their play;
Or guide through weary sums that tire the struggling brain.
Perhaps some aimless youth will pass my way,
Whom I may point to better things; to some lone stranger
I may speak a word—of cheer, or greeting—
Is someone friendless? I will be his friend.

(Opportunity.)

Mayhap I shall have time as ne'er before
To spend with Nature in God's out-of-doors—neglected volume,
Nay, the world's best school—in woods and meadows,

With the birds and flowers; watching the snowy clouds
Sail through the blue of Heaven; or at rosy sunset, love
The golden glories fading in the sky; or to wait at twilight
For the queen of evening and the friendly stars. Perhaps my eyes
May now be opened to new beauties, hidden meanings,
And the why of many things. That will be gain—
To see, to hear, to know, and feel, to understand, and love.

And shall I not thank God for time to think;
To ask and ponder on what life may mean; to note
The throbbing history of the daily world;
To count my blessings; and to pen
Abundant letters to my many friends; and read
His thoughts recorded by the world's best men?
With all these interests I shall still assure
That life is big, and broad, and much worth while.

W. H.

Byron Military Hospital,
London, Ont.

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Nature

THE LEGEND OF NATURE'S COLORS

WHEN the Artist was painting the rainbow,
In the matchless blue of the sky,
Attracted by its beauty,
The birds of song sailed by;
And some were splashed with the color drops
That fell from His brush so wet,
And every one of those birds still wears
That splash from the rainbow yet.

And when the Artist had finished,
He curved it in the sky,
Above a maple forest,
On stars in the sun to dry;
And some of the colors dripped and fell
Upon the leaves so green,
And every year in Autumn since,
The rainbow hues are seen.

And when the Artist had painted
Each sweet and delicate flower,
And filled the world with beauty,
'Twas nearing twilight's hour;
In the West He drained His color pots,
And mingling one by one,
The hues still show in the evening sky,
At the setting of the sun.

Written in Alberta.

THE PRAIRIE BLUE-BELL

"BLUE-BELL, blue-bell, prairie star,
Tell me where the blue-bells are
Swinging gaily, sun or rain,
Far and wide across the plain,
For I notice where you ring,
Everywhere the song-birds sing.

"Blue-bell, blue-bell, tell me true,
If the fairies come to you,
If they come and hear your bell,
By your true blue must you tell;
Does your ringing in the breeze,
Call the birds to minstrelsies?"

* * * * *

"I confess! Our secret's out,
Why the birds sing all about.
Only fairies hear our bell,
But they charm the birds to tell;
All the sweet notes song-birds sing,
Are the tones the blue-bells ring."

Written in Alberta.

CLOUDS

SAILING, sailing all day through,
In the open sky of blue;
Floating, floating up so high,
Drifting, drifting, passing by;
Wafted by the breezes fair,
Through the blue sky everywhere;
Shifting, shifting lazily,
Making shapes so crazily;
Endless masses, wreaths of gray,
Coming from the far away;
Slow across the dome of sky,
Hushed you trail your tresses by;
To the far away you go,
Sailing, drifting, gliding slow.
Whence you come and where you go,
I should surely like to know,
But in silence you pass by,
Through the broad expanse of sky,
Sailing, sailing all day through,
In the open sky of blue.

Written in Alberta.

THE BLUE

THE BLUE!
The blue!
The beautiful blue!
Blue everlasting!
Glorious blue!
Blue of the ocean;
Blue of the sky;
Blue of the mountan,
Rising on high;
Painting of Nature,
Brushed from afar,
Over the ocean,
Up to a star!
Color of glory!
Beautiful blue!
Token eternal,
To me,
And to you!

Composed on a motor run along the Pacific Ocean, from Los Angeles to San Diego, California.

THE MIRACLE

WHENCE is that power that wakes the sleeping earth;
That weaves a greening carpet on the lawn;
That wreathes the barren trees in draperies;
That decks the woodlands out in colored bloom,
And covers all the land with robes of green?
What brings the migrant birds in pairs again,
And makes the restless urge in beasts to roam?
What stirs the vagrant blood in hearts of men,
With thoughts of love and home? O mystery!
O miracle of Spring!

Toronto.

THE FRIENDLY TREES

OH! HOW lovely are the trees!
In their rich robes of green,
Massed in the forest,
Or lonely, alone,
With their arms uplift' in air,
In the attitude of prayer!

Oh! how lovely! how grand!
As they motionless stand,
As they point to the sky,
As they sway in the breeze,
As they swing to and fro,
As they toss in the storm,
As they shelter the birds,
The wild birds with their songs!

Oh! how much in our life
Is a tree like a friend!
How restful and cool,
In their shade to recline!
Oh! I feel there is kinship
'Twixt their life and mine!

Composed on the train from Portland, Oregon, to Tacoma, Washington, on first meeting the evergreen trees again, after being in California.

FALLING SNOW

WELCOME! flakes of falling snow,
Whirling, tumbling as you go,
Floating slowly through the air,
Falling, drifting everywhere;
Sparkling diamonds, millions bright,
Flashing in the Autumn light;
Floating down from Heaven's blue,
Thing of beauty each of you;
Kissing other as you fall,
Yet we hear you ne'er at all;
Hugging, clinging, wandering down,
O'er the country and the town;
If you tumble all the night,
You will paint the world all white.
Whitest wool or lightest down,
Matched with you would lose renown,
Softest carpet on the sod,
For the holy feet of God;
Wafted by the winds along,
Glad you sing your silent song.
Little hearts of girls and boys,
How you fill with Winter's joys;
So we greet you as you go,
Welcome! flakes of falling snow.

Toronto.

CANOE SONG

LIGHT on the lake my "*Bonnie Queen*"
Rides by the shore where the trees rise green;
Lightly I step in her frail birch bed,
Kneeling me gently I turn her head
Out to the open; the lake is blue;
My heart is glad and the skies are too.
The winds are fallen and gone asleep;
The shades of night begin to creep.
Dipping my paddle leaps she out,
Spreading the ripples all about,
Racing to shores so far away,
Like children chasing in their play.
Over the waters hushed and still,
Paddling on with heart and will;
Breaking the silence just my blade
Dripping on ringlets newly made;
At every rise of my sturdy oar,
A hundred circles, less or more.
Bounding along at every stroke,
Careless of wind or sand or rock;
Drifting about without a breeze,
Watching the shadows and the trees.
Plomp! and the rings go circling out
From leaping salmon, rainbow trout;
Down in the bottom soft I creep,
And watch the stars begin to peep;
Lone on the lake in my frail birch bark,
Till the stars come out and the skies are dark;
Out in the silence all alone,
With Nature—footstool of God's throne.

THINGS I LOVE THE BEST

THOUGH all the world is beautiful,
In robes of Nature dressed,
Through all the year, yet day by day
Some things I love the best.

But sky, and woods, and fields, and flowers,
Wild life, the birds, a nest,
Are all so dear I scarce can tell
What things I do love best.

In Spring, the black earth growing green;
A field of golden grain;
In Autumn, painted forest scenes;
The snowflakes on the plain;

The prairie sea; the mountains wild;
The ocean when at rest;
A crimson sunset; silent stars,
Are things I love the best.

A constant friend; a worthy book;
The breakers on the foam;
The love of children; trust of age;
That restful place called home;

A cheery word; the kindly deed;
Sweet music; song and jest;
And prayer and praise beneath the blue,
Are things I love the best.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

SUNSET RUN BY THE PACIFIC

WE HAD sped through miles of orchards,
And groves and vineyards rare,
Of walnut and orange and lemon,
Of palm and euc'lyptus fair.

Then we sped along at evening,
Beside the boundless sea,
With the mountains towering over,
And the ocean heaving free.

Lay a haze on the purple islands,
And the shimmering sea so grand,
With endless breakers rolling,
And dashing on the sand.

All the clouds were tint' with glory
Of softest rose could be;
And the sun a mass of molten gold
Sank down in the shining sea.

As I watched those glories fading,
From sea and sky and sod,
Oh! I felt that I had worshipped,
And held commune with God.

On train from Los Angeles
to Santa Barbara, Cal.

A SUNSET PRAYER

GOD OF the setting sun! Harken this prayer,
Inspired by the glory-tinted skies,
That Thou might'st mould me to reveal Thy love,
As beautiful in life as now the King of Day
Paints the clouds glorious in the still of even,
Flooding the whole of Heaven with radiant glory—
Pure molten gold and rose and wine,
Islands and seas, splashed leagues of torn flame
Softly uncurtained beyond artist's dream,
And far above, the everlasting blue—
All shimmering across the rippled lake,
Making a double Heaven
Changing to richer glory while it lives!

May these inspire my spirit to reflect
To the dark corners on the shores of Life,
The gold of Purity; the rose of Love;
The wine of Sacrifice, and blue of Truth;
Then, fading, leave a fragrant memory
As sweet in benediction as this wondrous sight
Is full of lingering beauty, grand and glorious!
Amen!

Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.

THE PRAIRIE HARVEST

O GOLDEN grain! O golden grain!
Stretching away across the plain!
Sweeping as far as eye can see!
Without a shrub or bush or tree!
Without a vale, without a hill!
Just golden grain look where I will!
For miles and miles along my way,
As on I haste day after day!
As on I speed across the sea
Of ripened grain a-waving free;
Or reaped and standing in the breeze,
Like clustered stumps of giant trees—
An endless forest cut and gone—
Across the prairie on and on;
Wide as the broad blue dome of sky,
The golden fields around me lie!

Shortly these fields were black and bare,
Then suddenly with Nature's care
Of summer sun and wind and rain,
The barren plain grew green again;
And soon, so soon, the growing green,
A sea of waving gold was seen;
The fertile prairies' virgin sod
Has given men this gift of God.

Written on the train,
Calgary-Edmonton.

THE MOONLIT SEA

I SAT alone on the sandy shore,
Beside the moonlit sea;
I heard the breakers dash and roar;
I watched them washing free.

I walked alone on the sandy shore,
Beside the moonlit sea;
I saw dark lines of ocean rise
And crash as white could be.

I bared my head on the sandy shore,
Beside the moonlit sea,
And worshipped God whose silver light
Reflected there to me.

Written at Long Beach, Cal.

FULL MOON

O GOLDEN light of the golden moon
A-climbing through the trees!
To a darkening world what a blessed boon,
Like the stir of the evening breeze!

O silver light of the silver moon
A-sailing through the sky!
A perfect night in the month of June,
As the clouds go drifting by.

O fading light of the fading moon,
As Dawn begins to peep!
I thank your kindly watch and boon,
The while I lay asleep.

Composed one evening while camping out in beautiful Balboa Park, San Diego, Cal.

EVERYWHERE

THESE things expand my soul,
And make me feel that God is near,
And great and good and everywhere,
In power, in wisdom and in love—
Majestic mountains, peaceful and sublime;
The prairie's vastness, like a solid sea;
The boundless ocean, with its ceaseless waves
The winds that blow around the world,
O'er mountain, plain and sea;
God's stars; the heaven's blue,
And sunsets full of glory;
The green of Spring—earth's miracle;
And golden grain—His gift to men;
The painted woods of Autumn,
And the snowy plain;
The mountains and a pebble on the shore;
The prairie meadows and a single blade of grass;
The forests and a leaf blown from a tree;
The ocean and a tiny water-drop;
Great gardens and a little wayside flower;
The rainbow and the puny art of man;
Wild life defending to the death its young;
The mighty nations and the helpless child;
The truth of friendship and the power of love;
A mother's sacrifice; a father's care,
And every little life that Heaven sends,
To bless earth's type of Heaven—the happy home;
God's poetry in Nature and in man;
Redemption's matchless Love,
Pardon and Peace and Power.

Toronto.

THE GREEN

THE GREEN!
The green!
The beautiful green!
Green of the landscape!
Glorious green!
Green of the valley,
Green of the hill,
Green of the meadows,
Peaceful and still;
Green of the silent
Sentinel trees,
Swaying so gracefully
With each passing breeze;
Green of the tree-tops,
Tapered on high,
Pointing our thoughts and hopes
Up to the sky;
Green of the branches,
Home of the nest
Where little bird babies
Are rocked to their rest;
Green of the woodlands,
With cool restful shade,
Where songs of the morning
And evening are made;
Green of the hedgerows,
The trim shaven lawn,
Bedecked with the flowers,
Bedewed with the dawn;
Green of the forest,
The orchard, the vine,
More restful, more precious,
Than feasting and wine;

O green robe of Nature,
Adorning the sod,
So cool and refreshing,
The good gift of God!

Composed at the monument
in Washington Park,
Portland, Oregon.

THE MIGRATION

SUMMER is dying; the leaves are dead,
And up in the blue far overhead,
The song-birds have chirped their last "Good-bye!"
And spread their wings to the realms of sky
'Tween their Northland home and their winter camp
In the sunny South far from cold and damp.
The raven crows in their jet-black gowns,
Have flocked and cawed like chorused clowns,
Calling the noisy clan so proud,
And sailed away in a big black cloud.
Now "Honk" and "Quack" sound overhead,
From wild-wood water-fowl outspread
On swiftest wing in flying form,
To breast the breeze or ride the storm.
Summer is o'er and the birds are gone;
Now dreary months I face alone;
But they will come on early wing,
When Summer resurrects in Spring.

Vancouver, B.C.

MY CHOICES

THE THINGS in Nature that I love the best
Are rosy sunsets in the golden West,
The sky clear blue, the painted bow,
And mountain clouds of purest snow;
Earth dressed in green, earth robed in white,
The sun by day, the stars by night;
The moon half hidden in a cloudy veil,
Upon the lake a graceful sail;
The waves of ocean breaking on the sand.
The ocean's bigness, and the prairie land
Like ocean with its waves of gold,
Where roamed the bison herds of old;
Majestic mountains towering in the sky,
Majestic valleys that between them lie;
The peaceful lake that seems to lie asleep,
And mighty rivers with their swirling sweep;
A ship at sea, an orchard in the bloom,
The Autumn woods, and garden flowers in bloom;
The diamonds sparkling in the drops of dew,
A graceful tree, the ocean's blue.
The sky at all times and the earth and sea,
Are full of glories that are dear to me.

Buffalo.

PURPLE AND ROSE

PURPLE and rose is the rim of the sky,
Beneath the boundless blue,
Purple and rose as the ships go by
Is the lake beneath it too.
The skies are asleep in the fading light,
And asleep are the hues on the lake to-night.

The lake is as peaceful as though it were dead,
No ripple bestirs its repose,
The sun has descended in skies that are red,
The glory of evening grows.
Three silver sails against the sky
Inverted gleam as three ships glide by.

Wind-blown smoke on the summer sea
Lies where great ships have gone,
Bearing a friend away from me,
Leaving a lonely one.
Back through the purple and rose of the sea,
Oh! bring my friend again to me.

Centre Island, Toronto.

GOD OF THE SEASONS

GOD OF the balmy Springtime,
When earth is decked in green,
With flowers and birds and blossoms
The fairest ever seen,
Give us to know Thy wisdom,
Thy majesty and might,
Give us Thy benediction,
And hearts inclined to Right.

God of the sunny Summer,
Giver of golden grain,
Over the hills and valleys,
Over the endless plain,
Give us to know Thy bounty,
All Thy good gifts to men,
Help us to tell Thy goodness,
Over and o'er again.

God of the Autumn glory,
When the forests flame with red,
Help us to read Thy message,
Before these days are sped.
Make us to hear Thee speaking
In the pageant of these days,
Give us to know Thy leading
In all our humble ways.

God of the Winter's whiteness,
God of the snow and storm,
God who has given protection
To keep us safe and warm,

Give us to know Thy caring,
Help us to feel each day,
Thou art our guardian Spirit,
Ever along Life's way.

God of the constant seasons,
God of the whole round year,
God who is ever loving,
God who is ever near,
Oh! give us wills to want Thee,
Oh! give us hearts to love,
Oh! guide us safe to Glory,
Till Thee we meet above.

On train, Owen Sound-Toronto.

EVENTIDE

IN THE calm of the evening,
The water is still,
And smooth as a mirror,
Inverting the hill;
The shrubs on the border;
The trees rising high;
The birds on the wing,
And the clouds in the sky.

In the peace of the evening,
So silent and still,
I look—there is meaning,
Wherever I will;
Like the sunset of living,
All restful in Love,
Reflecting the glories
Of worlds up above.

Halkirk, Alberta.

BLUE LAKE, BLUE SKY

GLORIOUS blue is the lake to-day,
Glorious blue the sky,
Glorious blue to the far away,
As here on the cliff I lie
Drinking the beauty of lake and sky.

No sign of life on the blue below,
No sign of life above,
Just boundless blue where great ships go,
Just boundless blue where breezes blow,
Ah! this is the scene I love!

O God! who made all Nature grand,
And full of Beauty pressed,
Of all the robes on sea or land
She wears to give us rest,
I love the blue the very best.

Scarboro Bluffs, Toronto.

EVENING GLORY

BEHOLD the glory of the dying day,
Ere night has fully won,
As Helio's chariot hasteth away
To the goal of the rising sun!

LAKE LOUISE

MOST glorious emerald in the mountains seen,
O lovely Lake Louise! I stand alone
With you, and God—subdued, in silent wonder,
Filled with dumb amaze that even God
Could paint a scene so beautiful, so grand,
So rich in changing hues that never rest,
So set with snowy peaks and icy glass
Amid these massive piles of hoary rock
Fringed by the forest up their sloping sides,
Whose steady shadows in the waveless pool
Are seen hanging inverted.
A scene enchanted!—where we all stand dumb
And feel like worship! Surely God is here!
Can Heaven be more beautiful? more like
To stir the heart's emotion? call forth praise?
Than this huge picture in this frame of gold,
When God rolls up the veil of hazy clouds
That lie like draperies on those icy crowns
Where sleep the snows of ages, and the sun
Floods the charmed scene with glory?
Still stand we here, as chained, but dumb,
Amazed, and wondering—"Nature's Masterpiece!"
Here all words fail, and one can only pray.

Written in C.P.R. Hotel, Lake Louise,
sitting in front of "Worship Window."

THE GLORIES OF GOD

THE HEAVENS, Lord, Thy glory tell,
Throughout the night and day;
Their constant change Thy praises swell,
Till earth shall pass away.

As Dawn, the herald of the Morn,
Breaks through the Eastern sky,
Thy shafts of sunshine bright adorn
The sleeping clouds on high.

When the warm sun is smiling clear,
In one great sea of blue,
Or mounts of fleecy clouds appear,
Thy glories tell anew.

In peace of sunsets' calm repose;
Pageant of evening skies;
In painted clouds of gold and rose,
Thy matchless glory lies.

Beneath the threatening storm-clouds dark,
Even yet will we rejoice,
Thy lightning arrows flash and mark
The thunders of Thy voice.

And as the rain pours down anew,
Thy fruitful gift of love,
Behold the bow of promise true,
Arched high in Heaven above.

In twinkling lamps of starry light;
  Splendor of Silver Queen;
Through all the watches of the night,
  Thy glory still is seen.

From day to day, from year to year,
  The while men tread the sod,
To seeing eyes will still appear,
  The glories of our God.

Written in Alberta.

REFRESHMENT

FROM deep perplexity or anxious care—
When things go wrong—
Often at dusk I steal away
Into the quiet shelter of the friendly woods,
And listen to the silence,
Or soft breezes sighing through the trees;
And there I hold sweet cómmune
With the Spirit of the forest, like to prayer.

The peace and rest of mystic Nature—
Like a mother's tender hand—
Soon soothe my troubled thoughts,
And calm restore my soul
To Life's stern tasks,
Refreshed and calm.

Byron Military Hospital,
London, Ont.

First published in "Trotty Veck."

AUTUMN

GRAY skies,
And fields all bare,
Stripped of their harvest,
(Save the golden corn)
And grazing herds,
And fresh turned earth.

Everywhere
The Autumn woods,
A galaxy of color,
Glorious!

The orchards
Groaning
With ruddy fruit,
The burdened boughs
Bent low.

Along the roadways,
And the bounds of fields,
Lines of painted trees,
In every color,
Every hue;
Or all in one,
A single flower
That I should love to pluck,
And wear.

On far-off hills,
Masses of green,
And gold,
And brown;

Patches of orange,
And flame,
Yellow,
And scarlet;
Clustered woods,
Like great bouquets
Of many-colored flowers,
Fit for a gift to God,
His gift to us.

And oh! across the valley,
What a scene!
Riot of colors,
Like piles of broken rainbows
Lie the woods along.
Canvas of Nature!
Mile on mile!
And then
A gleam of sunshine
On the painted woods.
Enchanted glory!
And we all stand dumb,
And lift our hearts
In prayer.

THRILL OF THE PRAIRIE

THRILL of the prairie!
Virgin sod!
Fresh from the hand
Of Nature's God!

Thrill of the open!
Tree nor hill!
Where the eyes wander
Far as they will!

Thrill of the boundless!
Circle of sky,
Miles in the distance!
Dim to the eye.

Thrill of their mystery,
Waiting for life!
Tragic their history!
Battle and strife!

Thrill of the bison,
Darkening the plain!
Only a memory!
Shame! shame again!

Thrill of their pathways,
Deep to the stream!
All of their majesty,
Not now a dream!

Thrill of the Indian!
Once lord of all!
Picture his broken heart!
Pathetic fall!

Thrill of the ancient!
Centuries gone,
When ocean ruled
The plain alone!

Thrill of the monsters,
Dug from the clay!
Ere there was History,
Passing away!

Thrill of the valley!
Deep-cut and dry,
Slow-washed through ages
When floods were high!

Thrill of the strata lines!
Million-year stages!
Seen in the valley banks,
Showing earth's ages.

Thrill of the coal seam;
Buried below!
Tropical forests,
Æons ago!

Thrill of the harvest!
Far o'er the plain,
Waving and golden!
Oceans of grain!

Thrill of the Future!
Picture the day—
Homes of a nation!
Children at play.

Thrill of the prairie!
  Virgin sod!
Rich from the hand
  Of Nature's God!

Written in Alberta.

THE IDEAL

OH! GIVE me a land where the sky is blue,
  And the sun shines warm the whole year through;
Give me a land of fruit and flowers,
Of farms and gardens and rosy bowers;
Give me a land where the ocean laves,
Where the breakers crash and the wild sea waves
Come racing in with endless roar,
And dash themselves on the sandy shore;
Give me a land with mountains high,
Towering majestic in the sky;
A land where the sky and the sea are blue,
And the sunsets painted in many a hue;
Give me this land and a humble home,
With someone to love, and I'll cease to roam.

Oakland, Cal.

SLEEPING OUT

HO! HERE'S to the joy of sleeping out
Beneath the open sky,
While a thousand lamps in the starlit dome
Look friendly down and the moon rides by!
The winds of Heaven kiss your cheek,
And toss your tangled hair,
And Mother Nature guards your bed
With fairies dancing everywhere.

O! here's to the joy of sleeping out
When Spring is in the air,
When birds return and wild flow'rs bloom,
Green fields and budding everywhere!
The stirring breeze, the sound of rain,
The honk of geese o'erhead,
Will lull your rest till burst of song
Awake at dawn your dewy bed.

O! here's to the joy of sleeping out
Beneath the Summer sky,
On prairie wide, by lake, in woods,
Or lonely mountain rising high!
When clover blossoms scent the air;
Flocks lie without the fold;
When shady groves hide moon and stars,
And waving harvest fields are gold.

O! here's to the joy of sleeping out
In Autumn lone and fair,
When seas of harvest corn are gone,
And fragrant odors everywhere!

When leafy forests change to gold,
And glorious red, and brown;
When comes the frost tang in the morn,
That dyes and rains the red leaves down.

O! here's to the joy of sleeping out
Beneath the Winter sky,
When Nature sleeps in robes of white;
The clear cold moon sails high!
When woods and fields are stripped and bare;
A-shake the Northern Light;
When Frost King seals the lake and paints
His flow'rs upon the pane at night.

So here's to the joy of sleeping out
Through all the year of health!
Abundant joy for leaving far
The dark and musty rooms of wealth!
Dame Nature takes you to her heart,
And gives you all her care—
Rich rest upon her lap each night,
The stars, the moon, blue sky, fresh air.

Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.

MY LOVES

I LOVE to stand on a rocky shore
That overlooks the sea,
And watch the mad waves fight and roar,
And dash their foam at me.

I love to sit beside the sea,
When all is calm and rest,
Save for that endless rolling swell
That heaves her gentle breast.

I love to watch the ships go out,
And see the ships come in
From far-off lands and foreign climes,
Where I have never been.

I love to stroll on a pebbled beach,
Beside the rippled sea,
And hear the wash of the little waves
Singing their song to me.

I love to play on a sandy shore,
As when a little child—
To build sand-castles for the waves
To batter down when wild.

I love to see the tide go out,
And watch the tide come in—
So slowly creeping up the shore,
But always sure to win.

I love to watch the seagulls sail,
Or dive into the foam,
Then rise on wing or ride the waves
Of their tempestuous home.

Oh! I love the ocean vast and wide,
Throughout the seasons all,
In sunshine, darkness, starlight, gloom,
Hear her resistless call.

Quathiaski Cove, B.C.

A PRAYER FOR FREEDOM

OH! GIVE me an outlook sweeping afar,
Over a valley, up to a star,
Across the broad prairies or over the sea,
Where is a bigness that challenges me;
Leads forth my thinking, enlarges my soul;
Rebukes my littleness, seems to unroll
Time in the future, infinite, vast,
Forgetting the sorrows and cares of the past;
Fills me with wonder of what there may be
Over the mountain or over the sea;
So cramp not my vision; oh! give me a hill
And let my thoughts wander as far as they will.

Composed on Mount Lowe, Cal., after having been shut in for a few days camping in a valley between the mountains.

ROSES

WEALTH of God's weaving—
Roses in bowers,
Clambering Heavenward,
Queen of the flowers.

Robes of the angels,
Draping our home,
Pointing our thoughts on high
Whence you have come.

Fragrance of roses,
Perfume divine!
God's richest painting—
Gold, pink, and wine.

Blending of tender hues,
Bright in the sun,
Emblem of Eden joys
Where'er you run.

Murmuring honey-bees
Gathering store;
Sweet-throated song-birds
Carolling our door.

Beauty for eye and ear,
Gladness you bring;
Even the lonely heart
You make to sing.

Cheering our sicknesses;
Message of love;
Comfort in sorrow,
Pointing above.

Wealth of God's weaving,
  Clambering high;
God's compressed goodness
  Dropped from the sky.

Heriot Bay, B.C.

THE SEASONS

SOFT winds winging,
Song-birds singing,
Spring-time bringing.

Warm winds blowing,
Harvest growing,
Summer glowing.

Chill winds sighing,
Dead leaves flying,
Autumn crying.

Frost winds blowing,
Grey skies snowing,
Winter showing.

MY THANKS

FOR HEAVEN'S clear blue or dreary gray;
Rose-painted scene at close of day,
Soft silver light of moon and stars;
For fleecy clouds in piles or bars—
My thanks!

For vocal earth of coming Spring;
Reward of toil at harvesting;
For gorgeous tints of dying year;
Stern Winter's ministries and cheer—
My thanks!

For every friendly flower that springs;
Each cheery little bird that sings;
For every breeze that sweeps the plain;
Wild waves that storm the skies in vain—
My thanks!

For joys and griefs, of life a part;
For every gift that stirs my heart;
For friends who cheer me as I roam;
Each love that links me to my home—
My thanks!

France, 1918.

First published in "The Christian Guardian."

BEAUTY

O WORLD of Beauty!
Beauty everywhere!

In far-flung twinkling lamps of Night,
And Queen of Evening sailing through the sky;
In flaming chariot of the King of Day,
And painted splendor of his sinking down;
In clouds of glory splashed with gold and wine;
In Heaven's high dome of never-ending blue;
In fleecy clouds that sail across the sky,
And arching Bow of Promise after storm!

O World of Beauty!
Beauty everywhere!

Majestic mountains crowned with ice and snow,
And draped with garments of the forest trees;
In mountain torrents tumbling over rocks;
In thundering cataracts leaping and plunging down,
And mighty rivers sweeping to the sea;
In placid waters of the forest lakes;
In restless ocean breaking on the sand;
In boundless ocean's distant line of blue!

O World of Beauty!
Beauty everywhere!

In landscape green of forest and of mead;
In golden waving of the seas of grain;
In colored woodlands and the bare brown fields;
In earth's white mantle and the frosted pane!

O World of Beauty through the changing year!
Author of Beauty, constant everywhere!

In soaring mounts and pebble on the shore;
In mighty forests and the colored leaf;
In prairie meadows and the blade of green;
In spacious gardens and the wayside flower;
In life of nations and a little child!

O World of Beauty in the great and small!
Author of Beauty, constant everywhere!
Where'er I turn,
Even there I find,
Find without looking,
Traces of God!

Tacoma, Wash.

Patriotic

CANADA

LAND of Freedom, land of free,
Land of British liberty;
Son of Britain, land of law,
New land, true land, virgin, raw;
Stretching wide from sea to sea,
Mighty nation soon to be;
Land of mountain, prairie, plain,
Forest, orchard, golden grain;
Land of progress, fertile soil,
Plough and axe, and honest toil;
Land of friendliness and cheer,
Land of sturdy pioneer;
Land of river, lake, and stream,
Land of many a golden dream;
Land of trapper, land of snow,
Northland, to the Pole you go;
Land of bison, beaver, bear,
Bighorn, deer, and fox, and hare;
Land of songsters, water-fowl,
Knights of plumage, hooting owl;
Land of sunshine, shower, and breeze,
Pine, and shady maple trees;
Land of nations, classes, creeds,
Free to each, to all their needs;
Land of Happiness, and Peace,
Blessings, gifts that never cease;
Land of toil and honest sod,
Land of Honor, land of God!

Santa Barbara, Cal.

Note: I have a feeling that some of these lines are similar to a verse I read many years ago on New Ontario, but which I cannot locate.—W. H.

"CANADA" AND "CANADIAN"

I LOVE the dear word "Canada,"
"My own, my native land,"
From ocean unto ocean spread,
With wealth and glory spanned.

I love the word "Canadian;"
No matter where I roam,
This dear old land of maple leaves
Is still my only home.

I love this Dómain "Canada"—
Great Britain's stalwart son,
A nation in the making, one
Whose fame is just begun.

I love that word "Canadian,"
Pride of true Angles all,
Of Scot and Celt, of Norse and Slav,
Saxon, Italian, Gaul.

I love this land of "Canada"—
Gem of the Empire's crown—
So free to every creed and tongue,
The White, the Black, the Brown.

I love that word "Canadian,"
Especially with the flag;
No sons of war surpassed our boys,
Except in boast and brag.

I love that charmed word "Canada,"
It fills my soul with pride;
In France the password anywhere,
Because of those who died.

Oh! I love that word "Canadian,"
'Tis music in my ears;
The thoughts that stir at "Canada,"
Oft dim my eyes with tears.

BLESSINGS

TO BE ALIVE in this most wonderful of all the ages—
Swift-shifting scenes of mighty history, incomparable—
To have had strength to serve in the Great War,
Oft missing Death by inches, scarcely harmed;
And having lived to know that victory was ours—
Oppression's tyrant and the world's worst foe defeated—
To have been spared through Hell to come back home,
And meet once more my own, and those who call me friend;
To know that when I pass I shall not lie
Within an unknown grave of foreign clay, where soon
Shall tread forgetful feet; but with my own,
Where those I know and love will mark the spot,
And sometime plant a flower above my head,
To bless my memory and show they care;
And know my friends will know where I am laid;
These are the blessings that lay claim each day,
To grateful recognition which I gladly own.

London, Ont.

UNION JACK

WHERE'ER the flag of Britain flies,
On mountain, plain, or sea,
In city, country, lonely woods,
That place is dear to me.

Where'er I roam I feel at home,
When the old flag I see;
Ten million score lay claim to own,
Yet it belongs to *me.*

It stirs deep feelings in my breast
That I can scarcely tell;
I think of all that old flag means;
It casts o'er me a spell.

I know I'll find beneath that flag,
A trusty, loyal friend;
And British rights and Liberty,
World o'er, from end to end.

For, as the world keeps turning round,
It shows a thrilling sight—
The grand old British Union Jack
A-waving in the light.

(Tribute)

Flag of land,
And flag of sea;
Flag for King,
And flag for me.

Flag of mountain,
Snow, and plain,
Ice-field, vineyard,
Golden grain.

Flag of Empire;
Flag of home;
Safe protecting
All who come.

Flag of White,
And Dark, and Red;
Like the colors
Here blended.

Flag of Freedom;
Flag of free;
Flag of Justice;
Liberty.

Flag of battles;
Flag of peace;
Guarding rights
That never cease.

Flag of humble;
Flag of strong;
Flag of story;
Flag of song.

Flag of youth,
And flag of age;
Rich man, poor man,
Simple, sage.

Flag of progress;
Flag of right;
Dark-dispersing
Flag of light.

Flag of land,
And flag of sea;
Flag for King,
And flag for *me.*

Quathiaski Cove, B.C.

THRILL OF THE FLAG

WHENEVER I am far away,
Amid the maze of foreign men,
And see a Union Jack, I say,
"That British flag looks good again!"

I meet it on the ships at sea,
That dot the world with British men;
With pride to those who sail with me—
"Looks good to see that flag again!"

Absence endears it day by day;
I think of what it means, and then
When I come back each time I say,
"The Union Jack looks good again!"

For somehow war endears the flag
To all red-blooded British men;
No wonder that with pride we brag,
And say, "The flag looks good again!"

Vancouver, B.C.
After spending six months in California.

FOR BRITAIN'S HONOR

(Recruiting Song)

SHE GAVE her son at the call of the King,
To fight for Britain's honor,
And he marched away with the boys so gay,
To uphold the Right with all his might,
And fight for Britain's honor;
And he fought and won in the blazing sun
In the fight for Britain's honor,
But at close of day on the field he lay,
In the fight for Britain's honor.

Will you give *your* son at the call of the King,
To fight for Britain's honor?
Will *he* march away with the boys so gay,
To uphold the Right with all his might,
And fight for Britain's honor?
Will *he* fight and win in the battle's din,
In the fight for Britain's honor,
Though when night be nigh, on the field *he* lie
In the fight for Britain's honor?

Will you do *your* bit at the call of the King,
And fight for Britain's honor?
Will *you* march away with the boys so gay,
To uphold the Right with all your might,
And fight for Britain's honor?
Will *you* fight and win in the battle's din
In this fight for Britain's honor,
Though when night be nigh on the field *you* lie
In this fight for Britain's honor?

I'll do *my* bit at the call of the King,
I'll fight for Britain's honor.

I'll march away with the boys so gay,
To uphold the Right with all my might,
And fight for Britain's honor.
I'll fight and win in the battle's din,
In this fight for Britain's honor,
Though when night be nigh on the field *I* lie,
In this fight for Britain's honor.

FLOWERS ON A WAR MONUMENT

SO LONG it stood so dull and bare,
I asked if none were left who care,
To care they fought, and fighting fell,
But the cold gray stone, it could not tell;
But as I passed along that way,
I saw some flow'rs on the stone to-day—
A little wisp of wildwood flowers—
To cull and bring, mayhap took hours;
So now I know there is someone still,
Lonely, with loving heart and will;
Someone who gave them for the Right,
And sent them forth in Honor's fight;
Someone who followed them with their prayers;
Someone remembers; someone cares;
And oh! for the comfort that someone cares!

Vancouver, B.C.

THE AUTHOR

Taken during a halt on the route-march, Ottawa, 1916.

THE ROUTE MARCH

TRAMP! tramp! upon the pavement,
To music's stirring thrill;
Tramp! tramp! to merry whistle,
After the band is still.

Tramp! tramp! along the pavement,
For many careless miles,
Heartened by scenes along the way,
And comrades' cheer and smiles.

Tramp! tramp! on metal highway,
As miles more weary grow,
As straps cut into my shoulders,
Back bent, and head drooped low.

Tramp! tramp! along the cobble,
With weary, aching feet;
No cheering sight or friendly word,
My failing strength to greet.

Tramp! tramp! on the dusty roadway,
In silence, losing heart,
Wondering how much longer
Sheer will can strength impart.

Tramp! tramp! with my collar open,
Gasping the dusty air;
Parching to death for water,
And fighting down despair.

Tramp! tramp! as the weak ones falter
Tramp! tramp! in the boiling sun,
With burning faces coursed with sweat,
But the march goes on and on.

Tramp! tramp! by my silent comrades;
  Tramp! tramp! by the weary hour,
Up hill, down dale, through countryside;
  Can I stick? Will it fail—my power?

Tramp! tramp! in this endless treadmill;
  Tramp! tramp! in this long thin line,
Like a wriggling monster crawling
  Along a dusty vine.

Tramp! tramp! still my pack grows heavier;
  Tramp! tramp! now it seems a ton;
Tramp! tramp! while I shift my pack-straps,
  But the march goes on and on,

And I stagger on in a lather,
  With this line of staggering men
Each with the silent question,
  Of "When? O God! O when?"

GOD'S GARDEN

HAIL! Mother England, home of the free!
Heart of the Empire! Queen of the sea!
Forests and farm-lands gorgeous in green,
Queenliest Motherland ever was seen!
Hail! we salute thee, seal with our blood,
Affection's devotion on land, air, and flood;
Sons of thy Empire's gems far o'er the sea,
Hail thee the guard of the world's Liberty;
Quaint fashioned towns scattered thick, and old
  towers,
Villagers' cottages smothered in flowers;
More as we see thee, more do we love;
Thou art God's garden dropped from above.

Written on train, London-Bristol.

TO MY OLD HOME

I HAVEN'T seen you long years, but I see you
in my mind
Every day, Old Home,
And I wonder as I wander of the friends I left
behind,
How they be, Old Home.
Each night I see the moon rise, I just wish that
I could hang
A little silver basket on its horn,
That would take a message to you and reply
to me by morn,
Then I'm sure I'd be less lonely over here,
Old Home.
Is mother's brow more wrinkled, her hair more
silvery gray?
Is father's step more feeble than when I came
away?
Are sisters now young women, young brothers
nearly men?
Do you think that I shall know them when I
see them all again?
Are all the nooks and corners round the old
house just the same?
Do friends and neighbors come each night to
join the evening game?
Do the roses in the garden still bloom beneath
the wall?
Do the woods look just as lovely when the
leaves begin to fall?
Oh, I'm lonely for you, Old Home, how I wish
that I could go,
But Duty calls me yet awhile to save you from
the foe.

That it won't be long, I'm hoping, till once
more I cross the foam,
To greet again my loved ones and you, my dear
Old Home.

France, 1918.

THE SACRED SILENCE

WHAT means this boom of cannon, sudden
pause
Amid the roar of traffic, that congeals
The thronging multitudes—all decked
With poppy red—to silent statues
With bared heads and bowed,
And falling tears?

Ah! holy memories to those hallowed dead
Who lie in Flanders fields, Canadian sons
Who poured the wine of youth's full cup
For us and ours, that we might live
In freedom and the world in peace.
O sacred moments! when our land stands dumb
And worships at their shrine, to keep
Their name alive for evermore.

Vancouver, B.C.

Note: Written after having witnessed a most impressive observance of the Armistice Day silence in the heart of the city.—W. H.

FOR ENGLAND AND FOR YOU

CANADA came to England,
Like a son at his mother's call,
And Canada stands with England,
To conquer or to fall;
For the blood that flows in old England,
In her Son's heart beats as true,
And that is why we fight and die
For England and for you.

Canada loves old England,
And ever true will be,
For Canada trusts old England,
Girt round by the silver sea;
And "Canada" found in "England,"
A heart so sweet and true,
That will help him brave all dangers,
For England and for you.

Written in England.

THE LIONS

WHEN the lion senses danger,
And his mane begins to rise,
And that fight-to-the-death expression
Flashes in his fearless eyes;
Then his offspring range around him,
And together face the fray,
To defend the home that reared them,
And to drive the foe away.

And when Britain was in danger,
At the first alarming call,
Sprang beside her sons of Britain,
Sprang to help her one and all;
From the ends of all creation,
From across the seven seas,
Everywhere the flag of Freedom
Floated on the summer breeze.

Oh! the thrill to see them coming!
By the thousands from afar!
British blood for aye responsive!
Swarthy warriors with them are!
Freely poured their gold and treasures;
Spilled their blood beneath the sun;
And the world has learned the lesson,
That the British world is one.

Written in Alberta.

THE LUCKY DEAD

(When Bombs or Shell Make Night a Hell)

WHENCE are these voices that I seem to hear
Rise from the ground and whisper in my ear,
As helpless here in beady sweat I lie,
In Hell's suspense of tortured agony,
Waiting in terror for the next to fall
Direct on me and slaughter all?
In vain my quivering heart is pressed,
Thumping insistent in my heaving breast!
With crack o' doom the shattered earth and air
Are ripped asunder till our hearts despair.
Then come these voices, soft, appealing, low,
"Come down with us for we at peace are now;
We are the lucky dead; no more we fear;
No Hell of war disturbs us here;
No Hell of tumult and no cries of pain;
No Hell of anguish and no nights of strain;
No Hell of bombs or bursting shell;
No Hell of bullets where our comrades fell;
We are the lucky dead; in peace we dwell;
Why longer live doomed to that Hell?"
The "lucky dead" I heard them say;
"Lord, to be one!" began to pray.

Written in France, 1918.

The words "lucky dead" flashed on me one midnight when suddenly awakened by the crash of high explosive shells bursting near us, and hearing the murderous fragments whistling through the air, and cutting into the ground with a blood-curdling thud.—W. H.

THE AFTERMATH

STURDY and strong they left us,
Flushed with the glow of youth,
To save the world from demons,
To battle for Right and Truth.

For years in the camps of armies,
Millions of marching men;
Afar from home and kindred,
So lonely now and then.

For years in the din of battle—
That Hell of dying men—
For years in that strain of conflict,
Then *some* came home again,

Broken and weak in body—
One arm, one foot, one eye—
And they wonder as they daily see
The careless crowds pass by.

Their country them remembered
With help and care, and yet
Their silent cry as the crowds surge by,
"O God! how quickly men forget!"

Santa Barbara, Cal.

MY BOAST

OF TRAVELS wide on foreign shores,
One may incline to brag;
But when I die I want to lie
Beneath the British flag.

When young and strong I loved to roam,
But when my senses lag,
I'll choose to rest beneath the best,
The grand old British flag.

For land of youth is always home,
Woods, plain, or mountain crag,
But doubly dear is year by year,
Our honored British flag.

I passed the graves where thousands lie,
And every one would brag
He fought with will and fell with thrill,
For British Empire's flag.

Endeared by youth and Hell of war,
No wonder that I brag
That when I die I want to lie
Beneath the British flag.

So wrap me in its sacred folds,
And proud enough to brag,
I too shall die like those who lie
Beneath the British flag.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

THE PEACE ARCH

IN ANCIENT days to tell the deeds
Of armies on the march,
The war-lords builded to their needs
A great triumphal arch;
Carved it with battles they had won,
Enscrolled their names anew,
Thinking their fame would ever run,
And marched the prisoners through.

Here rears a simple graceful arch,
Standing upon two lands,
Built o'er the way where armies march
To Toil and Trade—their bands.
No forts, no guns on that long line,
No dogs of war in leash,
Achievement monumental! fine!
A century of Peace!

Triumphal arch inscribed by sons
To common mothering,
And flowing flags of both nations
Show Christian brothering.
Long may it stand! The world let see
Till tide and time shall cease,
These brethren dwell in unity—
The glorious Arch of Peace.

Note: This refers to the Peace Arch erected over the international boundary on the Pacific Coast highway to commemorate a century of peace between United States and Canada. The Arch stands partly in each country and flies the flags of both nations. On the American side is the inscription, "Children of a Common Mother," and on the Canadian side, "Brethren Dwelling Together in Unity."—W. H.

Courtesy of "The New Outlook"

THE PEACE ARCH

For the Children

A VISIT TO FAIRYLAND

I'VE OFTEN often wondered where the fairy country lies,
But now I know it's far away above the bright blue skies,
For I have been to Fairyland and seen each elf and fay,
And now I'm going to tell you what the fairies do all day.

One night as I lay fast asleep the King of Fairies came,
And in the middle of the night I heard him call my name.
He dressed me in a flowing robe of silver silk, and gold,
Then wrapped me in a great fur coat to keep me from the cold,
And all the time he talked to me of things up in the sky,
Then off we flew together, the King of Fays and I.

It seemed only a moment but it must have been a day,
Till we arrived at Fairyland so very far away.
The Fairy Queen received me in her palace in the sky;
Her silken robe was wonderful; it rustled going by.
The King and Queen put on their crowns and then they said to me,
"We've brought you all the way from earth just so that you might see

The way the fairies and the elves are all at
work together,
To keep the whole world well supplied with
everything and weather."

They took me to a mountain peak away
above the sky,
And there down in a valley were the fairies
passing by.
There were many many millions at work and
fun and play,
They played about a little while and then
they flew away
To take the place of others who were tired
and needed rest,
For the fairies always work so hard and
always do their best.

Now some were firing up the sun to keep
him warm and bright,
And others lighting up the stars to make them
shine at night,
And some were polishing the moon to make
her bright and round,
But though they all worked very hard I
never heard a sound.
And far below I saw the earth all shining like
a star,
For it is very far away to where the fairies are;
But they can travel very fast; just wish and
they are here
To serve you all the day or night throughout
the whole long year.
And I could see the fairies here a-flying to and
fro,
To keep the children happy and to make the
whole world go.

And some were making fleecy clouds and piling them up high,
And others blowing breezes to waft them by and by;
And some were pushing at the world to make it turn around
To get the sunshine everywhere to warm the air and ground.
And every time it turned around that made a night and day,
And every time at night and morn the fairies knelt to pray.
And some were painting rainbows and sunsets for the west;
Of all I saw in Fairyland I liked that work the best.
They have so many sunset scenes of green and rose and gold,
They cannot use the half of them till I am very old.
And some were making snowflakes, and some were making rain,
And others took them in their hands and threw them o'er the plain.
And some were digging rivers and making water flow,
And others building mountains down on the earth below.

Now this is how the fairies make the snowflakes one by one—
They take a drop of water and then heat it in the sun;
It makes a thousand little drops and out of each they make
A star and cross together and behold! it is a flake.

They beat them on their anvils to make them flat and round,
But they are all so very small there isn't any sound.
They never make by pattern; no two are quite the same;
The fairies just make fun of work; they say it is a game.
They make them all the winter, each night and every day;
It takes ten million fairies to make a storm they say.
And then they decorate each one with tiny bits of lace
So lovely and so delicate that we can scarcely trace.
They take them to the Frost-king, who is very, very old,
And then he breathes upon them and because his breath is cold
The snowflakes are all frozen in all their pretty forms,
And ready for the Snow-king when he starts his winter storms;
And when the Snow-king wants a storm he makes the winds to blow,
Then just sends word to Fairyland and all the fairies throw
The piles of snowflakes they have made down to the earth below.

And some were making flowers to bloom and teaching birds to sing,
And others making grass to grow and all the grains for Spring,

And some were making sweet perfumes to
put in every flower,
Others were putting tastes in foods and filling
them with power;
And some were making frosty flowers upon
the window pane;
They worked all night, a troop of them, with
all their might and main.
And some were making babies which others
carried down
And gave to eager mothers in the country
and the town.
And some were guarding babies as they
played or lay asleep,
And others bended tenderly o'er mothers'
heads who weep.
And some were teaching babies the way to
walk and run,
And others planning out new games to give
the children fun.
And some were writing story-books and
painting pictures too,
And others weaving lovely cloth of gold and
pink and blue.
And some were making music for little girls
and boys,
And some were dressing dollies and others
making toys.
And some were telling lovely dreams to
children in the night,
To keep them safe and happy until the
morning light.

And some were making moments like a
string of diamonds bright,
And tying them together to make a day and
night,

And others filled the days and weeks and months with joy, no tears,
And rolled them all together to make the happy years.

Now these are just a few of all the things I saw up there,
But one thing I am sure of now—there are fairies everywhere,
And since I've been to Fairyland I now believe it's true
That every good that comes to us the fairies bring to you,
And the fairies are God's angels who gives everything to you.

Toronto.

AUTUMN PLAY

CHILDREN playing in the withered leaves,
Huge piles of Autumn—
"Cover you up! cover you up!
Bury you deep! bury you deep!
Leave no trace! leave no trace!
All gone! all gone!
Dead and buried! dead and buried!
Sleep on! sleep on!
Home we go! home we go!
Sorrowing! sorrowing!
Good-bye! good-bye!
Oh! a ghost! a ghost!
Ah! ha! it's you! it's you!
Now me! now me!"

Toronto.

LULLABY

HUSH-A-BYE, baby, hush-a-bye!
Why should my little baby cry,
When far overhead the bright stars do shine?
Sleep, little baby of mine.

Rock-a-bye, baby, rock-a-bye!
Hurry and close that sleepy eye;
The birds are asleep in their nest in the pine;
Sleep, little baby of mine.

Lullaby, baby, lullaby!
Sweet little angel from the sky!
For Mother is near while the stars do shine;
Sleep, little sweetheart of mine.

Written in Alberta.

INSOMNIA

(An imaginary conversation overheard in the foreign quarter in the wee sma' hours of the morning.)

OW! DERE you gone and done him still again,
And plank your ice-cold feet upon my back!
How often did I told you for to don't!
How often did you promised me you won't!
Yet now you gone and done him just de same!
So dere! and dere! and dere!
Take dat!

Toronto.

PLAYTIME

EACH day brings joys its very own,
Many or just a few;
I play with playmates or alone,
But always something new;
And when the day of games is done,
Before I go to rest,
We have the most exciting one,
The time I love the best.

On Daddy's back I climb and ride;
He swings me in the air,
And round and round, from side to side,
Then plays the big black bear;
And then he takes me on his knee,
And tells the tales I name—
How he remembers I can't see—
And always just the same.

He tells of Goldielocks and bears,
And Giant-killer Jack;
Of Cinderella and her cares,
And all the Princely pack;
And when I grow a sleepy-head,
One thing I never miss,
Before I toddle off to bed—
My Daddy's good-night kiss.

Written in Alberta.

LITTLE TOTS

WE ARE only little tots,
But we love to sing;
Jesus loves us every one,
So all to Him we bring.

He will make us wise and good;
He will guard from wrong;
He will crown our lives with joy;
And fill our lips with song.

Every moment, every day,
He will be my Friend;
Help and guide and counsel me,
And all my way defend.

I will love Him every day;
I will try to be
Little child so kind and good,
That He would love to see.

Byron Military Hospital,
London, Ont.

FIRST SNOW

THE TREES and fields were bare and brown,
When I went to bed last night;
But when I ope'd my eyes this morn,
The world was all in white.

The fields lie pure beneath a robe
Of downy, fleecy snow;
The trees stand wrapped in softest fur;
No breath of wind a-blow.

The snow is piled like whitest wool,
On roof and fence and tree;
I think the fairies just for fun,
Brought this surprise for me.

Oh! I shall have great fun to-day,
And many laughs and joys,
A-playing in the fleecy snow,
With all the girls and boys.

We'll run, an' jump, an' fall, an' shout,
An' build a big snow man,
An' sleigh-ride too, an' build a fort,
An' fight for all we can.

We'll roll great snow-balls for the wall,
An' make it strong an' right,
With piles of little balls to throw,
To help us win the fight.

Oh! I do love to see the snow!
It makes a pretty sight!
I love the fields and trees when green,
And when God paints them white.

Quathiaski Cove, B.C.

THE FAIRIES

THE FAIRIES were busy, I'll say, last night,
To paint all the world such a beautiful white;
Where they get all the snowflakes, it sure puzzles me,
To cover the fields and to drape every tree.

I wish I could find where they make all the snow,
And then when the summer's too hot I should go
And pay them a visit—just drop in and see
The fairies at work for the next Christmas tree.

Vancouver, B.C.

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK

"TICK, tock! tick, tock!"
A strange old man is our timepiece,
A funny old wag is our clock.
He talks all day in the corner,
And says only tickedy-tock.
He runs without legs,
He stands without feet,
And not once a year
Has he something to eat.
He runs all day in the corner,
Yet never moves where he stands,
And even without any fingers,
He covers his face with his hands.
"Tick, tock! tick, tock!"
Oh! a funny old man is our clock.

Toronto.

TEDDY TOM-BOY

POOR Teddy Tom-boy, he was always on the go,
A-running up and down the stair all just to make a show.
Once he tripped while turning, just how he does not know,
But say! you should have seen him when he landed down below!

Little Teddy Tom-boy tumbled down the stair,
Because he tried to step upon a step that wasn't there,
And when he reached the bottom he bumped into a chair,
Poor little Teddy Tom-boy!

He was black and blue with bruises from his head down to his toes,
His lips were cut in places and the skin was off his nose,
And then it started bleeding and I'll say he got a scare,
So now he's always careful when he's coming down the stair.

Toronto.

LUCKY ME

(Child Philosophy)

THOUGH I am just a little child,
I've done a lot of thinking;
You see I do a thing or two,
Besides eating and drinking.

I've thought a lot about our home,
And some conclusions made, Sir;
To tell how lucky I have been,
I'm not a bit afraid, Sir.

I think my home's the happiest,
That I have ever seen, Sir;
I know I'd rather live at home,
Than any place I've been, Sir.

I think my dad's the finest man,
That ever had a child, Sir;
I think my mother beats them all,
So good and kind and mild, Sir.

My father makes me lots of things,
And buys me heaps of others;
The dainty things that women make,
Are not as good as mother's.

I often go and help my dad,
With things out in the stable;
Then I come and help my ma
To set the supper table.

I think the others in our home,
  My sister, and my brother,
Are just the best that ever were;
  I'd trade 'em for no other.

I have so many nice playthings,
  And lovely pets and toys, Sir.
I often think a bigger share
  Than other girls and boys, Sir.

I think we have more play and fun,
  At home and at our school, Sir,
With all the other little folk,
  Than is a common rule, Sir.

We sure do have the dandy times;
  We laugh and shout and sing, Sir;
I tell you plain I would not change
  My place—not with the King, Sir.

And so I've thought 'twould be a shame
  If I were ever rude, Sir;
Since all these joys have come to me,
  I should and will be good, Sir.

Quathiaski Cove, B.C.

THE LEGEND OF THE SUN

UPON a time long, long ago, before there was a sun,
The children here could scarcely see to play their games and run,
For in the sky there were the stars alone to give them light,
And all the time upon the earth was just one big long night.
The fairies lived above the sky and all the long night through
They thought about the children and they wondered what to do.
At last the Fairy Queen arose and said, "I've got a plan
To give the children light on earth," and all the fairies ran
And swarmed around their Fairy Queen to hear what she might say
About the way to light the world and make it bright as day.

"Away you go! my fairy-elves and gather every star
From out of half the heavens, and bring them where we are,
We'll pile them all together and make a great big light
To shine down through the darkness and drive away the night,
And then the children of the earth can see to run and play
And have oh! such a happy time. Away! Away! Away!"

And every little fairy-elf was off as quick as wink,
And plucked a star from out the sky, yes, quick as you can think
The fairies gathered half the stars and piled them all in one
That made a big bright light on earth. That's how we got the sun.

Toronto.

SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS

FRIENDS are like flowers.
They bloom.
They bloom best
When they are warmed
By the sunshine
(Of affection)
And
Watered
By showers
(Of kindness).

THE LEGEND OF THE STARS AND MOON

LONG, long ago the fairies lived alone above the sky,
The only folk who saw them there were the angels passing by.
The fairies and their Fairy Queen were such a mighty host,
They spread just like the forest trees away from coast to coast.
They filled up one whole corner of the great expanse above,
And yet without a single sound the whole of them could move.
They walked around and flew about, had nothing else to do,
For this was *very* long ago, before they heard of you.
It was so very long ago no stars were in the sky,
Nor was there any silver moon with white clouds sailing by.

One day the Queen gave orders to the fairies living so,
"Whene'er you walk across the sky, on tiptoe you must go,
For you must know this floor of blue is very, very thin,
And if you shake it very hard the whole thing might fall in.
Be very, very careful, too, that nothing you let fall,
Because it might fall right down through and never stop at all.

So now, my little fairy-elves, I want you to beware,
For there are many little folk away, away down there,
And I am going down below to see what I can see,
And while I'm gone I hope you'll all be good as you can be."

Now when the Fairy Queen was gone, one little fairy-elf
Stepped out across the sky and said, "I'm going to see, myself!"
She lay down on her tummy, poked her finger in the sky,
And bored it round and round and round till by and by and by
She poked a hole right through the floor and down the small piece fell,
And formed a lake of water blue that children love so well,
And then that little fairy-elf peeked down right through the sky,
And saw the children on the earth and saw her Queen pass by.
"Come here! come here! you fairy-elves! come see what I can see
Away down on the earth below! It's funny as can be!
I see our Fairy Mother Queen and a million girls and boys
All having such a merry time and many laughs and joys."

And all those little fairy-elves dashed out to have a look,
So many, many millions, till the floor of sky they shook,
But it was all so useless with so many on the leap,
It would have taken ages to give them all a peep.
So all those little fairy-elves lay down upon the sky
And bored their fingers round and round till by and by and by
Each poked a hole right through the sky and down the pieces flew
A really truly rain of lakes all made of water blue.
And when they fell upon the earth they made, oh! such a noise!
It gave the Fairy Queen a scare and all the girls and boys.
They all looked up to see the why of such terrific jars
And there up in the dome of blue were all the twinkling stars,
For every little peeping hole let through the golden light
That always shines in Fairyland through all the day and night.

You can imagine their surprise and how it stopped their fun,
And the Fairy Queen just shouted, "What have those fairies done?"

And off she flew to Fairyland away above the sky,
But not a single fairy could she find till by and by
She looked out over heaven and there she saw them all
A-lying on their tummies and she gave one mighty call—
"Come here! come here! you fairy-elves! What's this that you have done?
You gave me such a dreadful scare and stopped the children's fun."
And then she smote her wand upon the floor of heaven's blue,
With such a mighty blow it knocked a big piece right down through.
It dropped to earth and where it fell the ocean lay full soon,
And ever since the hole it left has been our crescent moon.

Now when the Fairy Queen looked down and saw what she had done,
She said, "Let's *all* go down to earth and join the children's fun!"
She slid down on the moonbeams, and each fairy through her star
Came all the long way down to earth to where we children are,
And here they dwell amongst us and every starry night
I'm sure we'll all remember how the fairies gave us light.

Toronto.

Note: The ideas for this child's number are not original with me. I got them from a little anonymous story, so I do not know whom to thank for them.—W. H.

Miscellaneous

WEALTH

(A Philosophy of Life)

NOT BY the size of their houses or lands,
Or their golden coin in the bank;
The number of servants who come at their call,
And not by their titles or rank;
Not by their acres of waving grain,
Or their animals prized in the pen;
Not by the riches of forest or mine,
Do I reckon the wealth of men.

I brand them poor though they roll in gold,
And the things that gold can buy,
If they have no friend, and their heart be lone,
If they love not earth and sky;
Though they live in state and travel far,
On means they did not earn;
If the strength of life be spent to gain
Just things that fire can burn;
If they feel no pulsing of tender love;
In good causes take no part;
If sweet content crown not their brow,
And they have not peace at heart.

I count men's wealth by their will to serve,
And their power to fill the plan;
Who deepen the joy of many hearts,
And bring new joys to man;
By the number of friends who know them true;
Who are true to them in turn;
By the worth of interests they make their own;
By all riches that cannot burn.

I measure them rich by the love they gain;
By their longing when they roam,
For the smiles and kisses awaiting them,
In that happy place called home;
By the way they can play with a little child;
For the times they look above;
The honor they draw from the snowy crown,
And the depth in their heart of love;
For what they know of the world's best thought;
Who love the sky and the sod;
By the joy they find in their daily toil,
And the depth of their peace with God.

Byron Military Hospital,
London, Ont.

First published in "Trotty Veck."

WELCOME

(To You, Our Guest)

OTHERS have homes of larger parts,
More richly furnished too,
But none have welcome in their hearts
More than we welcome you.

So sleep, good friend, in peace, and rest,
Cast off all care and fear,
Assured of welcome to our best,
The while you linger here.

And when from us you do depart,
We hope you'll bear in mind
The welcome of the friendly heart,
Which here you'll always find.

Toronto.

REFLECTIONS

AS WEAK on my weary cot I lie,
With face upturned to a patch of sky,
Through the square of the window the clouds
float on,
From the unknown come, to the unknown gone;
Symbol of mortals whose life, like breath,
Is aimless blown from birth till death.
Through a field all blue they go sailing high;
I glimpse, I regard them, I say "Good-bye."

Oh! for the painter's hand to stay
Those shapeless forms ere they drift away!
As broken and helpless, like ice in Spring,
They fleck the sky on even wing,
All ragged and torn by the mad winds of Fate,
Since first they were missioned from Jupiter's
gate;
Or to paint on the ground of Heaven's bright
blue,
That fleecy mount like frosted dew,
His woolly summit bathed in light,
Like winter's drifts by silver night,
With glorious motion gliding slow,
Though swift his shade o'er earth below;
Flimsy curtains of snowy lace,
Draping the sky in homely grace;
Whiffs of white go wafted along,
Hurrying home for evensong;
Fairy castles with knights unseen,
Flashed on the stage of Heaven's blue screen;
Shifting and turning, no moment for rest,
Like the changing emotions that flood through
my breast.

Now the sky is all clear, not a cloud I see,
Like the path of life that we wish might be;
Now the window is filled with a mass of gray,
Like life overshadowed with trouble's day.
Through the rifts that pass, again the blue,
Eternal symbol of Love, the true,
Eternal emblem of Home on high,
Eternal comfort to those who die,
Faith in the blue 'neath affliction's rod,
With joy will tune my soul to God.

Byron Military Hospital,
London, Ont.

First published in "The Christian Guardian."

PRAYER AND ANSWER

"O JESU! cleanse my heart from sin,
And give me joy and peace within.
I long to have my life renewed,
My hungry heart craves heavenly food.
I've tried the world and found it vain,
The world gives only grief and pain.
O Saviour! fill my soul with love,
And draw me to thyself above."

"Whene'er I hear this cry of pain,
To heal a soul of Sin's dark stain,
As parchèd earth made glad with showers,
I bring to bloom the Spirit's flowers.
No soul that calls need ever fear
Its faintest cry shall miss My ear,
From sense of sin I'll give release,
And fill that heart with perfect peace."

THE TILLER OF THE SOIL

ONE MAN there is whose praise is furled,
So constant is his toil,
Growing the grain to feed the world—
The tiller of the soil.

That nation-building man I like,
Begrimed with dust and oil;
He never shirks or goes on strike—
The tiller of the soil.

His hands are big and rough and strong;
His humble home is royal;
He does his work with smile and song—
The tiller of the soil.

In all good causes takes his part;
From Duty no recoil;
Than he none has a bigger heart—
The tiller of the soil.

He lives with Nature, tree and sod;
In sun and wind his toil;
The friend of beast and man and God—
The tiller of the soil.

Written on Castle Rock on the shore of the Pacific Ocean at Santa Barbara, Cal.

PUZZLERS

WISE-MAN, wise-man, tell me true,
Why the open sky is blue;
Why the grass and trees are green;
Snow is white wherever seen;
Why is sunshine warm and bright?
Why no colors show at night;
Why we cannot see the air,
Though we feel it everywhere;
Why the rainbow colors show,
Always seven set just so;
Where the zebra got his lines;
Leaves and snowflakes their designs;
Why the bluebird's coat is blue;
Robin's vest a cherry hue;
Where the peacock got his tail;
Where her song the nightingale;
Why does music please the ear?
Mist at sunrise disappear?
Certain tones do harmonize;
Colors blend to please the eyes;
Why I like a certain hue,
That does not appeal to you;
Why the ores and gems are found
Hidden underneath the ground;
Fire so hot and ice so cold;
Iron of lighter weight than gold;
Steel still stronger in its turn;
Why asbestos does not burn;
Water heavier than air;
Gases lighter everywhere;
Why the scent of flowers is sweet;
From decay you make retreat;

Why does water turn to steam?
Butter gather in the cream?
Why are all things that we eat,
Sour or saltish, bitter, sweet?
Why the eyes are brown or blue;
Just one nose, but bright eyes two;
Many teeth, ten fingers, toes,
Who such things mysterious knows?
How my heart is made to beat;
How our food produces heat;
Why the corn is found in rows;
How a plant or body grows;
Why my body craves for food;
Why my mind seeks truth and good;
Why I like to play and jest;
Why my spirit longs for rest;
Why a child is like its mother;
Boys and girls love one another;
How I hear and think and see;
How I use my memory.
Why does good news make me glad?
Sorrow bow and leave me sad?
Why a shock fills me with fear;
Why my home and friends are dear;
Why—take anything at all—
Some are great and some are small;
Certain colors in each flower;
I could quiz you by the hour.
Though you look wise at each quiz,
All you answer, "It just is."

* * * * *

Wise-man, wise-man, wisdom show;
Make confession you don't know.

Everywhere in Nature, men,
There are things beyond our ken;
All about them we can say,
"Nature makes them just that way."
Everywhere in sky and sod,
There are things that point to God.

Written in Alberta.

PURIFICATION

THROW open the windows and let the winds blow
Through the close stifled chambers of night;
Draw back the thick curtains that keep them in gloom,
And rejoice in the glorious light.

Nature's breezes, Nature's light,
Banish all the ills of night.

Throw open the windows and let the winds blow
Through the chambers of Sin in the heart;
The Breezes of Grace and the Light of His Love,
Bring a joy that shall never depart.

God's free Breezes, God's pure Light,
Banish all the ills of Night.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

THE SCAR

IT LINGERED on, my wee crushed flower,
With head drooped over far;
It never smiled to the sky again,
But always bore the scar.

A dog will follow his master still,
But his trust is not the same
From the day he was beaten cruelly,
Since when he limps so lame.

The heart once bruised by a word unkind,
Will never bloom so fair—
Oh! the price men pay for their hasty deeds—
For the scar is always there.

Byron Military Hospital,
London, Ont.

THE CRUCIFIX

IN FRANCE, wherever one may roam,
In churchyard, church, in every home,
By wayside cross-roads, village street,
A sacred sight his eyes will greet:
Wherever ways of men do mix,
There stands a cross—a crucifix.

That holy emblem raised on high,
Against the bright blue dome of sky,
When all else falls oft stands alone,
When Hell of war has come and gone;
And in its shade cold foemen mix,
The wayside cross—the crucifix.

THE MYSTERIES

WHENCE is our thought? Each day I think
Of mighty planets and a grain of sand;
Of thunder peal and music's harmonies;
Of painted sunsets and a little flower;
Of boundless seas and tiny water-drops,
And all those miracles of eye and ear,
But who can say whence these thoughts come?
Or who can tell where they have been,
Until I think again? O Memory!
Why was the old world made, and how?
What is our life? Whence come, and why?
What is Ambition? Why do men so strive
For passing shadows they must leave so soon?
Unseen realities more potent still—
Whence are emotions that fill life with joy?
Or tragic sorrow crushing out the soul?
Or voice of Conscience, Duty, Right,
And high ideals that beckon always on?
I think of children playing on the green;
Of home and love, and all they mean to men;
Of men who die to save a land they love,
In Honor's cause, for Freedom or for Truth.
Whence come? Where go? when life is done,
And we lie down in sleep?

Written on the train,
Chilliwack-Vancouver, B.C.

SOLACE

WHENE'ER in sickness I must lie,
Oh! let me see a patch of sky,
Where I can watch the clouds sail by,
The white clouds sailing up so high.

Where I can see the coming light,
Where I can watch the blue and white,
Where I can see the fading light,
Where I can watch the stars at night.

The clouds like troubles pass away,
Only a little while they stay,
They come and go with every day,
But passing leave the blue alway.

So find I solace as I lie,
And watch the white clouds sailing by,
And though I cannot tell the why,
I thank God for this patch of sky.

Toronto.

GREETING AND WELCOME

(To You, Our Guest)

AS THE parched earth welcomes raindrops,
As the song-birds greet the morn,
As the desert welcomes breezes,
As the dewdrops grass adorn,
As a little child greets parents,
As a man and wife are true,
So we thank you for your coming,
And we greet and welcome you.

Toronto.

THE JUDGMENT

I DREAMED that I stood in Heaven,
Beside the shining throne,
When the great of the earth were gathered,
With those who were never known;
And I saw those souls as the Master
Gave judgment one by one,
For the way they had lived with other,
And the things that each had done.

And one of the great was telling
His rise to power and fame,
Of the wealth that he had gathered,
And the honor of his name—
"My father was a Christian,
My mother sainted too,
And every Sabbath found them
Within the family pew;

"I wooed Success and won her;
I crushed down men and won;
I heaped a mighty fortune,
Before my day was done;
I was so engrossed in business,
No time to pray or praise,
Or offer up Thanksgiving,
Through all my busy days;

"But I climbed the rounds of Honor;
I wielded Power and Wealth,
And behold! I stand before you,
As the man who made myself!"
But the Master asked the boaster
If Love were in his heart,
And when his eyes had fallen,
The Master said, "Depart!"

The next, a broken widow,
Her head was hung in shame;
She thought the record angel
Would never find her name.
"O Master! I am nothing!
And nothing have I done!
My life was one long struggle,
To rear and train my son;

"I never have been able
To give beyond a mite;
Just went where there was sorrow,
Or suffering day or night;
Just gave a cup of water
To travellers on the way;
Just had a little garden,
And gave the flowers away;

"I rarely got to worship;
The church was far away,
And I could only read the Word,
And then kneel down and pray;
I lived with humble people;
I loved them every one;
It was my joy to serve them—"
And the Master said, "Well done!"

Halkirk, Alberta.

REVIEW

I LOVE to stroll alone at dusk,
When night is closing in;
To ask me how the battle went
That day with Right and Sin.

How have I filled the hours of light?
With love and honest toil?
Has any soul had cause through me,
This day from Christ recoil?

How have I lived before those souls
As yet without the fold,
To show my love for sinful men,
Is greater than for gold?

What have I said to let them know
The love of Christ to men?
What have I done that they might see
In me His love again?

How have I used for word or deed,
Each opportunity?
Have all my thoughts been kind and pure,
Acceptable to Thee?

Have any hearts had pang of pain,
Because with me they live?
Has any child offence in me?
If so, O God! forgive,

And give me strength to serve Thee well;
To battle for the right;
And grant my soul Thy holy peace,
And calm repose this night.

Quathiaski Cove, B.C.

GOD'S VOICES

VOICE of God! in all Creation—
In the silence of the spheres;
In their grand majestic music;
In the endless flow of years.

Voice of God! in Nature calling,
In this world of beauty rare—
Field and forest, mountains, ocean,
Birds and flowers beyond compare.

Voice of God! eternal promise,
In the rainbow painted high;
In the glory of the sunset;
And the big blue dome of sky.

Voice of God! in little children;
Pleasure, friendship, love of years;
In the need of neighbor, nations;
In our joy and in their tears.

Voice of God! O Christian pulpit,
Sound the joyful news abroad;
Send it forth till all the nations
Know the boundless love of God.

Voice of God! O Word eternal,
Come with power to hearts of men;
Tell of sin and Love's forgiveness;
Bring them back to God again.

Voice of God! at every turning,
Birth to grave and sky to sod;
May we hear and heed the message
Of the voices of our God.

Santa Barbara, Cal.

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